

The voyage was pleasant, no one had blues,
In thirteen days we were in Newport News;
Back in the States, on a homeward trail,
To drink Coca Cola and Ginger Ale.

Once more deloused without cootie or flea,
We went up the old James River to Camp Lee,
Where we stood sometimes trembling with fear,
Bawled out by guys who had stayed over here.

No matter if we did have to help with the cooking;
We got the pape for which we were looking
On the twenty sixth of June two years to the day,
From the time we enlisted at a dollar a day.

The great war is over, its memories linger
As if you had a string tied around your finger;
We often thought we got the rough,
To think of it now, it doesn't seem so tough.

And if Uncle Sam should ever again call
Three twenty one wouldn't falter or stall
We'd say again as we did before,
We will do our best, who could do more?

F I N I S

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By "Buck" Private
Chas. H. White